

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS BY BIDE DUDLEY.

Miss Susan Brown was twenty-eight, with figure tall and slim, an' right legs long that made her 'pear feet sort o' stiff an' prim, while short an' stubby, round an' fat was Timothy McGee an' past the thirty mark a year—both gettin' old, you see. Per seven years, or thereabouts, McGee had courted Sue by droppin' in three times a week like city lovers do, an' seven years had seen him set upon the same old chair without him gettin' up his nerve to tell what brought him there. The women folks at Stubbville thought 'twas an awful shame that Tim had put Sue off so long, so beautiful-like an' tame, an' Susan's dad was sort of mad, but hadn't much to say. An' so it went along for years till last Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgivin' Day 'twas this a'way, Sue's daddy, Silas Brown, got up a dinner jest for none but married folks in town, exceptin' Tim—invited him as company for Sue, for then the guests would be in pairs—jest even, two an' two.

Well, when the dinner took their seats and started in to eat, old Silas, with a happy thought, came jumpin' to his feet. "Now, friends," he says, "before we start, what are you thankful for?" An' then Sil, pointin' at his wife, says: "Thank the Lord for her. Next, Ezra Thompson offered thanks that he still had his Kate. Says he: 'They ain't no better wives—that's what I calculate.' An' Hiram Taylor thanked the Lord that he still had his Mame. An' so they went on toastin' wives till up to Tim it came.

"Now, Tim," says Ezra, "up an' speak. What are you thankful for?" Poor Tim just blushed from ear to ear an' simply wouldn't stir till two of 'em took hold his arms an' stood him on his feet an' told him if he wouldn't talk they wouldn't let him eat.

Tim stammered: "Well, I'm thankful—oh, I'm thankful—well, you see—'er thankful, Tim," says Susan, "cause yer here 'longside o' me." Her answer got him all confused an' next he bursted loud: "I'll bet you I'd be thankful for a preacher in this crowd."

Say—he'd forgot that Pastor Jones was settin' 'cross from him. An' when the preacher says: "I'm here," you should a' looked at Tim. Up jumped the crowd an' marched around with Tim, and then he said in the parlor by the grate them joint words was said.

When Tim come to an' found that Sue belonged to a chair an' yelled: "I'm thankful for my wife." An' when he took her home the man with joy was almost wild. To say that Stubbville was glad to puttin' it too mild.

NEW FIRM TO MANAGE MRS. FISKE.
The new producing firm of Madison Corey and John D. Williams yesterday arranged to manage the professional activities of Mrs. Fiske. For her starring tour Corey and Williams have acquired "Erstwhile Susan," by Marion DeForest. The play deals with the life of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

NEILSON-TERRY'S NEW ROLE.
After resisting the call of vaudeville for some time, Phyllis Neilson-Terry has succumbed and will make her debut at the Palace next Monday. She will sing the two songs from "Tribby" and will appear in two scenes from "Romeo and Juliet." Edith King and Cecil King will assist in the Shakespearean portion of her act.

HARNEY GETS THE HONOR.
Ben Harney is herewith awarded the championship belt and bronze medal as the originator of ragtime. Ned Wayburn has renounced his claim to the honor. He says he's not old enough to be the discoverer of syncopated music.

GOSSIP.
Bolly Ward may be with the next Winter Garden show.
Klaw & Erlanger may star Leon Errol next season.
Frederic McKay is putting cabaret shows in both the Rustonby cafes.
Leonora Novato has returned from Chicago and is happy again.
Ned Wayburn and Flo Ziegfeld had lunch together yesterday. Well?
Richard Carle is out of "Stop! Look! Listen." Frank Lator is "The annual benefit for the Actors."

COLOR YOUR "MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY BOOK" AND COMPLETE FOR A Five Dollar Award

THE EVENING WORLD will award \$5.00 to each of three young readers who submit the best colored pages of the "Mother Goose Fairy Book" complete from cover to concluding page.

\$5.00 Class A—Children not over five years of age.
\$5.00 Class B—Children over five but not over ten.
\$5.00 Class C—Children over ten but not over fifteen.

Start coloring your pages now. You may use crayon or water colors, but your book must be complete. If you have missed any book pages or should miss getting any of them before the last one is printed, send a two-cent stamp to the "Mother Goose Edition," Evening World, for each page desired and they will be mailed to you.

The cover was printed Oct. 11 and the pages are printed in The Evening World three days each week. The last page will be printed Dec. 31.

Don't send in your colored pages until after the last page has been printed in The Evening World and you have colored them all. A later announcement will tell you how to submit your books.

FOOLISHMENT.
The dentist pulled the cowherd's tooth. He called a gun, and then a cop. Came in and pulled the whole blasted ship.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.
"How did that new medicine work on Blivins?"
"All his pain is gone."
"Is that so?"
"Yes, go in Blivins."

THE DEDUCTIVE TRAMP.

PART 433194

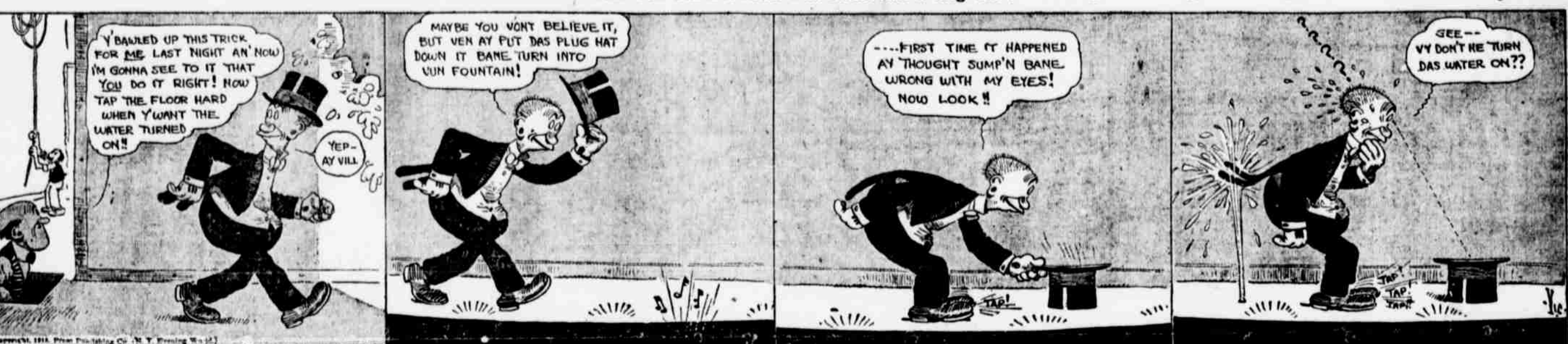
"S'MATTER, POP?"



By C. M. Payne

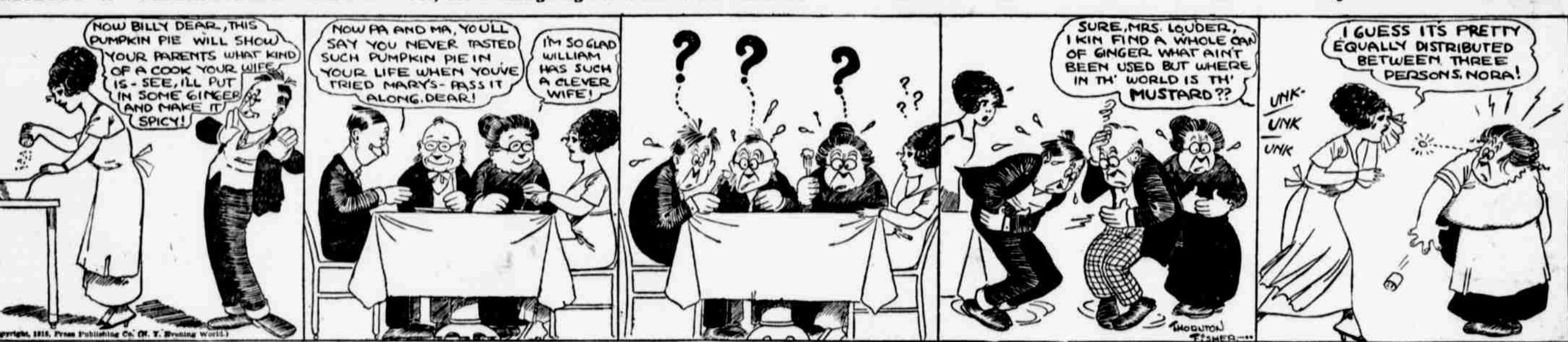
FLOOEY AND AXEL—If There Are Two Holes in the Floor You Can Bet Axel Will Select the Wrong One!

By Vic



MARY'S MARRIED LIFE—Yes, the Thanksgiving Pie Is All to the Mustard!

By Thornton Fisher



Fund will be held at the Strand in January.

E. H. Sothorn is on the Mayor's committee, which will participate in the Shakespearean celebration next year.

"The Follies" played to \$2,450 Monday night in Pittsburgh. It is expected the week's gross will be \$24,000.

Lincoln J. Wagenhals appeared on Broadway yesterday and said he'd produce a play or two if the European war would end.

E. H. Sothorn's performance at the Booth Tuesday night will be for the benefit of the Red Cross. Molly Pearson will sell programmes.

May Irwin is considering an offer to make a tour of the Orpheum circuit of vaudeville theatres.

Pat Rooney is teaching Long Task Sam, the Oriental, to dance the Yiddish gassaky. When he learns it Sam will be booked at Arverne.

Charles E. McCarthy, musical director of Victor Moore's sketch, "Regular Army Man," was married recently in Cincinnati to Laura Stratemeyer.

ISN'T IT GREAT?
What's happened to the baseball hero who used to add to Broadway's box office? He's gone! He's off to the States!

HE REGISTERED A KICK.
Mrs. Langtry, who is appearing at the Orpheum, Brooklyn, this week in "Ashes," is billed as "Lady de Bath." Yesterday a patron called up the manager of the theatre to say that the playlet wasn't anything like "My Lady of the Bath," and he considered it an imposition to announce Mrs. Langtry in that sketch.

"KATINKA'S" CAST COMPLETE.
Edith Decker has been added to the cast of Arthur Hammerstein's new opera, "Katinka." The cast includes also May Naudain, Adele Rowland, Lawrence Haynes, Franklin Aspell, Countess Grimaldi, Edward Durand, May Thompson, Edmund Makall, Nina Napier, Norma Mendoza, Albert Sackett and William J. McCarthy.

FOOLISHMENT.
The dentist pulled the cowherd's tooth. He called a gun, and then a cop. Came in and pulled the whole blasted ship.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.
"How did that new medicine work on Blivins?"
"All his pain is gone."
"Is that so?"
"Yes, go in Blivins."

THE MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY BOOK

Page 19

By Eleanor Schorer



"Who bids a turkey for this bright new penny?" called Simple. No one answered. "Well, who bids a bag of salt?" he shouted. A hundred voices said "I." With the bag in his hand and an idea in his head, Simple Simon went into the country where wild turkeys are. Creeping upon one, he dropped a pinch of salt upon its tail. But Mr. Gobbler strutted on as if nothing had happened.



"I'll give you half my salt for half your corn." The lad agreed. They went off gleefully. The boy toward home and Simple to Mr. Gobbler, saying: "Taste if this corn is good. You are famous as an epicure." Proudly Gobbler tasted, smacked his lips and tasted again and again, growing fatter and fatter with each mouthful.



"A big bird needs more salt," decided Simple, dropping bag and all upon the tail of the Gobbler, who squawked and flew away. Crestfallen, Simple gained the road, where he met and joined a lad with a sack of corn. "Are you going to eat corn without salt?" Simple said. "Ugh, I prefer to have half as much with salt to all that without." "So do I," said the lad.



When he'd finished the corn Mr. Gobbler was too fat to run or walk, or even stand. "One May procure a turkey with one penny if one's wits are keen," said Simple, and tied Mr. Gobbler's feet. Slinging the bird across his back, he laughed: "Ha! ha! You were the turkey gobbler to-day, but I shall be turkey gobbler to-morrow!"

THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES

The Little Angel.
I WAS visiting my married sister in Toledo last week," relates Buck Hawes. "She's got a three-year-old kid, and, while I am fairly fond of children, I am a bachelor and somewhat set in my ways. I was rather dismayed, therefore, when my sister proposed leaving me in the house with the child one afternoon. And here's what she said:

"Don't put yourself to a bit of trouble—he can take care of himself. See that he doesn't climb up the pantry shelves and keep an eye on him so that he won't get into mischief. He won't annoy you. Don't let him go down cellar and watch that he doesn't get hold of the books in the library, and he'll amuse himself all right. If he cries give him a cookie, and if that doesn't stop him ride him on your back. But don't let him bother you a bit. I'll be home in an hour."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Mote and the Beam.
AN American traveller relates the following:
"Once I dined with an English farmer. We had ham, very delicious ham, and the farmer's son soon finished his portion and passed his plate again.

"More 'am, father," he said.
"The father frowned. 'Don't say 'am, son, say 'am.'"
"I did say 'am,' the son protested in an injured tone.
"You said 'am,' cried the father fiercely.

"Am's what it should be, not 'am.'"
"In the middle of the squabble the farmer's wife turned to me, and, with a deprecating little laugh, explained: "They both think they're saying 'am, sir.'"
—Mother's Magazine.

A Painstaking Servant.
ONE evening in the spring, while certain New Yorker was putting in a week at his country place in New Hampshire, he prepared

to take a ride in his motor car, expecting to remain out until late, says Harper's Magazine.

He therefore told his new man that he need not wait for him, instructing him when he had finished his work to lock the garage and place the key under a stone, the location of which the owner described with much exactness.

When the employer reached home after his ride he was surprised to find that the key was not in its place. When his patience had been exhausted after a fruitless search he awoke the man and received this explanation: "Why, sir, I found a much better place for it."



HARLAN, 2 1/2 in.
CORTLEY, 2 1/2 in.
ARROW
Notch COLLARS

You will like the satin laundry finish of the fabric. 2 for 25 cents

QUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC. TROY, N.Y.
MAKERS OF ARROW SHIRTS

Bumstead's Worm Syrup
A safe and sure Remedy for Worms in children. It is the best for 50 years. IT NEVER FAILS. To children an agent of health. NO PHYSIC NEEDED. NO BURNING. KILLED 100 worms. Sold everywhere. See bottle for full particulars. 25c. bottle. Wm. C. A. VOORHIES, N. D. Phila., Pa.

RATS
AND ALL VERMIN EXTERMINATED
Allison's Ratsbane Co. 690 E. 146th St. Telephone 3070 Anderson